Good News from the English Fleet:

Being an

ACCOUNT

OF A

Great & Bloody Engagement

Which hapned Yesterday, betwixt

Their Majesties Fleet,

Commanded by the

Earl of Torrington,

And the French Fleet,

Near the *BEACHY*, upon

The Coast of Sussex.

With a Particular Relation of the Blowing-up of Six of the Biggest of the *FRENCH* Men of War; The Breaking the Lines of the *FRENCH*; And several other Occurrences.

2 July. 1690.

ON Monday the 29th. ult. stant, the Earl of *Torrington* Sailed with their Majesties Fleet from St. *Helens*, and the *Spitthead*; the Wind being at North-East, and stood toward the *French* Fleet (which, as the Advice Boats brought an Account, lay at Anchor about two Leagues from Shore, off of *Freshwater-gate* in the *Isle of Wight*) with a Resolution to Fight the *French*; but the Wind coming about, and taking them short, he came to an Anchor, off of a place called *Dunnose*, which is within Five Leagues, or Fifteen English Miles, of the *French* Fleet, who were removed, and were at Anchor in *Cattenham-Bay*. The next day, being Tuesday, about Three in the Morning, there came up with us, and joyned our Fleet, several Men of War, *Dutch* and *English*; and in the Evening, the *Dutch* Admiral *Evertzen*, in a Ship of Ninety odd Brass Guns, with Two *Dutch* Men of War more, one of which was a Rear Admiral. Also their Majesties Ships, the *Lyon* and *Constant Warwick*, all joyned our Fleet.

On Wednesday, about Five in the Morning, our Admiral, the Earl of *Torrington*, stood to the Westward, the Wind at South and by East, with a Windward Tide; and about Noon they were within sight of *Dunnose Point*, about Four Leagues from the Shore.

The *French* Fleet stood at the same time to the East-ward, being

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at the like distance from the Shore; and about Three of the Clock in the Afternoon, the two Fleets were within a little above a League of each other; so that it was verily expected an Engagement would immediately ensue, by the Disposition of the *French* in their seeming to meet us; but on a sudden [illegible] Admiral [illegible] ordered a Gun to be Fired, and Tacqued about, and the rest of the Fleet stood after and followed him; who steered directly West-ward, and from us. Our Fleet followed them till Night, but we could not reach them near enough to Engage.

The next day being Thursday the 26th. the *French* Fleet came to an Anchor on the South side of the *Isle of Wight*.

On Friday there arose so great a Mist and Fog, that both the Fleets continued at Anchor.

Nothing of moment happened on Saturday.

On Sunday, being the 29th. in the Morning, there joyn'd our Admiral, Their Majesties Ships the *Milford* and *Garland*, and a Dutch Man of War of 72 Guns. And in the Afternoon, four Advice-Boats brought Word, That the *French* Fleet had weighed Anchor, and were put to Sea; upon which, our Fleet weighed likewise, and made towards the *French*, who steered their Course as if they had endeavoured to get the Wind of us, or rather to avoid Fighting, and make for their own Coast, would the Wind have permitted them.

And Yesterday, being Monday, (the 30th. Instant) about Eight in the Morning, our Fleet came up with the *French* (who steered Eastward) early in the Morning, near the *Beachy*, on the Coast of *Sussex*, about Three Leagues off of the Shore; And the two Fleets being drawn up into Line, in order of Battel, ours in the Form of a Half-Moon, immediately the two Admirals advanced at the Head of their Squadrons, and several Shots be-exchanged by each Fleet's Defiance-Frigats and Advice-Boats, about Ten a Clock a most furious and bloody Fight ensued between both Fleets, engaging Board and Board; which though it continued, till Night put an end, yet 'tis observed that [illegible] after a few Hours [illegible] took the Lines of the *French* Fleet, and put them into great Confusion. They Fought retreating for several Hours before Night, and 'tis thought this Morning our Fleet has engaged them again, the Wind being full at East South East; so that they cannot well escape us, by making to any of their own Ports that can harbour them, the nearest *French* Ports being *Dunkirk* and *Calice*, neither of which can harbour their great Men of War, by reason of the shallowness of the waters, that they cannot get over the Bars: So that we Doubt not, but our Fleet (by the Blessing of GOD) will destroy most of the *French*, before we let them go off from the *English* Coast.

The particulars of this Engagement, also what Ships we have Taken, Sunk, and Men Killed, is expected with great impatience: But several Gentlemen from the Hills of *Sussex*, with their Telescopes, affirm, that they saw Six large Ships of the *French* on Fire, and of which being the *Dauphin*, a Ship of 120 Brass Guns, on Board of which was their Grand Admiral M. *Tourville*.

And thus we see how the great Monarch of the Universe, and Soveraign Disposer of all Sublunary things, is graciously pleas'd to bless their Majesties Armes, as well by Sea as Lands, to be, in so great a measure, instrumental in pulling down the *French* Tyrant, who has arrived to that pitch of Pride and Vain-glory (like the great Tyrant in the Gospel) that neither fear'd GOD, nor regarded Man.

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